ANOTHER OCCASIONAL

LETTER

FROM

Mr. *CIBBER*

TO

Mr. *POPE.*

[Price One Shilling.]

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WHEREIN

The New Hero's Preferment to his Throne, in the *Dunciad*, ſeems not to be Accepted. And the Author of that Poem His more rightful Claim to it, is Aſſerted.

WITH

An Expoſtulatory ADDRESS to the Reverend Mr. *W. W*———*n*, Author of the new Preface, and Adviſer in the curious Improvements of that SATIRE.

By Mr. *COLLEY CIBBER.*

——— *Remember* Sauney's *Fate!*
Bang'd by the Blockhead, whom he ſtrove to beat.
Parodie on Lord *Roſcommon.*

GLASGOW:
Printed for W. MACPHARSON.

TO

Mr. *POPE.*

SIR,

YOUR humble Servant —— I am glad to ſee you abroad again —— but I muſt beg your Pardon; for though, I don't intend to do you any Wrong, I cannot be perſuaded to mince the Matter, while I am ſhewing the World a little more of you; and, in order to it, give me leave (as you don't live quite ſo much in it as I do) to ſhew *you* a little more of the *World.*

Wherever I come then, they ſay, that this new Edition, this *Da capo* of your *Dunciad*, which like a Song in an Opera, only ends with the repetition of the ſame Strain it ſet out with; they doubt, has not the equal Claim to Inchantment, that

that is generally allowed, to the more captivating Nonſenſe of an *Arietta* melodiouſly repeated. There, they ſay, the natural Senſuality of the Ear, is taken in by the meer Sweetneſs of the Voice; but the ſame Thing ſaid ten times over and over by the Poet, ſurfeits our Senſe, or is, at beſt, but a quieting Draught to it: Nay, they go farther, they are apt, in the ſame Breath, to laugh, and wonder, how, after you had been made worſe than ridiculous, by catching a Tartar, you could hope to get out of his hands, by the ſame weak way of attacking him? In a word, they allow that by this laſt ſtale and ſlow Endeavour to maul me, you have fairly wrote yourſelf up to the Throne you have raiſed, for the *immortal Dulneſs* of your humble Servant to Nod in. I am therefore now convinced, that it would be ill-breeding in *Me*, to take *Your* Seat, Mr. *Pope* —— Nay, pray, Sir, don't preſs me! let me die, if I do! — *You drew it on purpoſe for me?* That may be, Sir! but ſince you have taken ſuch pains to beat up the Cuſhion, and have been ſo long in lugging it forwards, I am utterly conſcious, that no man has ſo good a Right to repoſe in it, as yourſelf: Therefore, dear, good Mr. *Pope*, be ſeated! for my part, I am quite as eaſy upon my own Legs, and while I am talking my Stuff to you, rather chooſe to *ſtand* to what-

whatever I ſay, be it wiſe, or otherwiſe; whether you call me Dunce, or Doctor, whether you like me, or lick me, contemn, jerk, or praiſe me; you will ſtill find me the ſame merry Monarch I was, before you did me the Honour to put yourſelf out of Humour about me.

And now, Sir, give me leave to be a little ſurprized at the impenetrable Skull of your Courage, that (after I had in my firſt Letter) ſo heartily teized, and toſſed, and tumbled you through all the Mire, and Dirt, the Madneſs of your Muſe had been throwing at other People, it could ſtill, ſo Vixen like, ſprawl out the ſame feeble Paw of its Satyr, to have t'other Scratch at my Noſe: But as I know the Vulgar (with whoſe Applauſe I humbly content myſelf) are apt to laugh when they ſee a curſt Cat in a Kennel; ſo whenever I obſerve your *Grimalkin* Spirit ſhew but the leaſt grinning Gaſp of Life, I ſhall take the honeſt Liberty of old *Towſer* the Houſe-Dog, and merrily lift up my Leg to have a little more Game with you.

Well, Sir, in plainer Terms, I am now, you ſee, once more willing to bring Matters to an Iſſue, or (as the Boxers ſay) to anſwer your Challenge, and come to a Trial of Manhood with you; though by our ſlow Proceedings, we ſeem rather to be at *Law*, than at *Loggerheads* with one another;

another; and if you had not been a blinder Booby than myſelf, you would have ſat down quietly, with the laſt black Eye I gave you: For ſo loath was I to ſquabble with you, that though you had been ſnapping, and ſnarling at me for twenty Years together, you ſaw, I never ſo much as gave you a ſingle Growl, or took any notice of you. At laſt, 'tis true, in meer Sport for others, rather than from the leaſt Tincture of Concern for myſelf, I was inticed to be a little wanton, not to ſay waggiſh, with your Character; by which having (you know) got the ſtrong Laugh on my Side, I doubt I have ſo offended the Gravity, and Greatneſs of your Soul, that to ſecure your more ample Revenge, you have prudently taken the full Term of thirteen Months Conſideration, before you would pour it upon me! But at laſt, it ſeems, we have it, and now Souſe! out comes your old *Dunciad*, in a new Dreſs, like freſh Gold, upon ſtale Ginger-bread, ſold out, in Penny-worths of ſhining King *Colley*, crowned the Hero of Immortal Stupidity! Hark how the thundering Numbers roll, and roar him out moſt Royally Ridiculous!——

——*Then ſwells the Chapel Royal Throat;*
God ſave King Cibber, *mounts in every Note!*
Familiar White's *God ſave King* Colley *cries!*
God ſave King Colley! Drury-Lane *replies!*

Gods!

Gods! what a Thought! O! charming, ſinging, ringing, Sound —— of an empty Barrel! Now, Gentlemen, I hope you are all convinced, that the Laureat has taken an immortal Leaſe of Dignified Dulneſs ——— a Leaſe! of whom? —Why, of Mr. *Pope*; There it is! in theſe very Verſes, ſigned and ſealed to him for ever! ——Why is *Tibbald* turned out then? And does Mr. *Pope* let the ſame Farm to two different Tenants? or if you will have it a Kingdom, has he, like the late wilful *Drawcanſir* of *Sweden* taken it from *Auguſtus*, meerly to give it to *Staniſlaus?* Why this is as much as ever the Pope of *Rome* pretended to! Lord! Lord! Mr. Reader, can you be ſuch a Dunce yourſelf, as not to know that Mr. *Pope* of *England*, by Virtue of an unlimited Power of the *Quidlibet Audendi* veſted in him by *Horace*, may do whatever he has a mind to? O ho! I beg your Pardon! that's true indeed! that I did not conſider! Yet he would be but a melancholy Tyrant, if no body minded him more, than the Laureat does: But, Mercy on us! what a woful Pickle are we ſober Souls in, that are always at his Mercy! However let him ſay what he will of us, we have one Reſource at leaſt; for, fierce, as he is, his ſatyrical Anathemas (thank Heaven) are not quite ſo valid as his Nameſake's of *Rome*; we are not bound

to believe what either of them ſay, to be Goſpel! and though he and the Devil are often laying their Heads together, yet while private Prejudice, Envy, Revenge, or Malice, are their Miniſters, they will ſometimes you ſee make but bungling Work on't! And really, Mr. *Pope* (to come to myſelf, from this Apoſtrophe) I cannot but ſay that this Identical, this tautologous Vacancy of Senſe; and Fulneſs of Sound in your Satyr has ſo critical a Merit, and is ſo ſtrong a Specimen of the Thing you would expoſe by it, that nothing ſure but the *Dono del Dea Iſteſſa*, the immediate Gift of the Goddeſs you celebrate, could have made her Altars Smoke, with ſo thick, ſo heavy an oblation! Is this then the formidable *Pope*, that *damns*, or *ſaints* every Man as he hates his Truth, or likes his Flattery? Muſt ſuch Replies be taken for Wit? Is this your way of waſhing your Character clean, from the natural Colours my Letter had laid it in? If you can ſtill be vain of being the hideous *Hyena* I have there ſhewn you to be, howl on, and triumph, in ſo particular a Happineſs. Yes, courteous Reader, notwithſtanding all I have ſaid *Hic ille eſt!* This is our wondrous Poet; this is

The Soul, with every Virtue fraught.—Dr. *Swift.*

This is that upright Man! at once the Scourge and Glory of the Muſes! How

How happy in Invention! how modeſt to his own Merit, how candid to others! how manifeſt his Wrongs, how ſmiling, in his Vengeance? Never enough, Mr. *Pope*, can we admire this Sublime, this ſtigmatizing Inſtance, this *non ultra* of your poetical Power, and Juſtice! Nay when we take the Atchievement, in all its Lights, when we obſerve with what pompous Ceremony your doughty *Dunciad* ſets forward; with what a reverend critical Champion, prancing, upon a neighing Preface before it! Such a Train too of *Prolegomena* Notes *Variorum*, Proclamations, Remarks, Imitations, Hypercriticks, Teſtimoniums, Encomiums, and at the Heels of your Car, ſuch numerous captive Offenders dragging after it, their audacious Compariſons of *Dryden* to *Pope*, and of *Pope* to *Dryden!* then might one think the whole Empire of *Parnaſſus* were in arms to make you King of it! Then, I ſay, muſt the learned World confeſs, this voluminous Labour is a moſt compleat and magnificent Picture of the militant Church, and *Pope* triumphant! But alas! if all this Parade, this pedantic Pomp, theſe tawdry Trappings of a Muſe ſo enormouſly unlike the modeſt Guiſe of a Genius, ſhould happen to be a Burleſque, upon itſelf, why may not the moſt egregious Dunces alive be equally eaſy when they are made

(not more) contemptibly ridiculous by *you* than you are by *yourſelf?* How much ſtronger do ſuch Follies glare, when they are blended with Beauties? Such Vanities, in a real Dunce, grow pleaſant, by their Extremity; But in a Man of Parts, they are proportionably unpardonable: Such a voracious, ſuch a declared Appetite for Praiſe, would in the beſt Poet, ſoil and degrade the very Art he is Maſter of! No Mr. *Pope*, were your Feaſt never ſo elegant, to have it ſo often extolled by its Founder, not to ſuppoſe your Gueſts to have Senſe enough to know what pleaſes them. But to be ſo fulſomely directed to every Nicety, by the Feſcu of your pedantick Admirer, may make them diſreliſh or nauſeate what otherwiſe might have entertained them. But, perhaps, you have taken this modiſh Liberty, from what you may have heard of the moſt luxurious Tables in *France*, where the Cook himſelf comes in at the Head of every Courſe to tell you, you are not to truſt to your own Taſte, but to his Recommendation, for what particular Parts of his Work you muſt like: Now, in this parallel Caſe, if the Cook is a Coxcomb, what muſt the Poet be? And to this ſettled Self-admiration of yours, Mr. *Pope*, we naturally attribute your radicated Malevolence to others. But why ſo ridiculouſly tender

der; would you have it made Treaſon to touch you? Why ſo immoderately jealous of your Fame, that like my Lady's Lap-Dog you muſt ſnap at the Noſe of every Mortal, that meddles with it?

Though you were *Maſter* of a faultleſs Muſe, would you puniſh the Blind, becauſe they *could* not find out her Beauties? Or be enraged at the enviouſly Obſtinate, becauſe they *would* not ſee them? *Homer*, at leaſt, was not ſo haſty. For though, I am told, he was a better Poet than You have made of him, and probably had as keen critics upon him, yet he you ſee died without the Revenge of a *Dunciad* upon them. And, great as he was, had he been half as angry at his Snarlers, as you are at yours, who can ſay, he might not have been near as ridiculous? To raiſe Admiration or Envy in the learned World, cannot be a more manifeſt Mark of a great Mind, than Impatience of an ignorant Cenſure is of a little one. Thus the mean and laboured Arts you have uſed, to magnify your Muſe, have diminiſhed her Luſtre; by being yourſelf ſo vain glorioufly her Herald, you have in a manner challenged all the World to find out a Fault in her. But this Defiance is laughed at; whereas had your critical Vanity been ſilent, the provoked Prejudice of many Readers, might not have been ſo blind to her Beauties. But, while you

you yourſelf are ſo conſciouſly convinced of them, that alone it ſeems, is enough to juſtify your pronouncing every Man a Dunce, that does not impliſtitly come into your equal Opinion of them. Yet, however heinous the Crime might be, I never came up to the Wickedneſs of it! I neither wrote, nor ſpoke, againſt you, or your Writings; the worſt I did, even when they endeavoured to ridicule me, was to laugh with the reſt of your Readers: Was it then ſo mortal an Offence never to have been uneaſy at whatever you had ſaid of me: You could not be ſo low, ſure, as to think the Inſolence of ſuch an Inſenſibility Provocation enough to lug me *Again* into your *Dunciad!* No! That would be aſperſing that moral Humanity of Heart, you have ſo frequently laboured, to make us believe you delight in. Come! ſhall I give you a merrier Excuſe, though perhaps your Gravity won't ſo well like it? To ſay, then, that you did it, with an Eye to your getting off another Edition of your Book, by making more ample mention of Me in it, (whatever ſmall Probability it may carry) that, I doubt, you will not care to own, and will, again, call it Vanity, in me, to ſuppoſe had the leaſt Temptation in it: Let that then go for no more than it is worth—I gad! I begin to fear I have promiſed more than I

I can make out———a good Reaſon for it, upon ſecond Thoughts, is not ſo eaſy to come at; and yet, to be ſure, you muſt have had *ſome* Motive———Malice I dare not call it neither, for that it is plain no Man alive can accuſe you of! No! it muſt have been only the natural, irreſiſtable Impulſe of your Wit! Juſt the very Wantonneſs of a Lady's merry Monkey in Favour, never more delighted, than in doing a miſchief: it is true you have a little deceived us, for by your laying ſo long quiet, we thought you had mended your Manners; but your Nature, in ſhort, ſeems to be incurable; for though in my firſt Letter, without regard to your Quality, I had honeſtly taken the Whip and the Bell to you, and (as every Body tells me) made you as uneaſy as a Rat in a hot Kettle for a Twelvemonth together, I ſtill find that bitter Pug is at his old Tricks again, and as ſilly a Devil as ever; but at your Peril be it, little Gentleman, for I ſhall have the other Friſk with you, and do not deſpair that the very Notice I am now taking of you, will once more make your Fame fly, like a yelping Cur with a Bottle at his Tail, the Jeſt and Joy of every Bookſeller's Prentice between *Wapping* and *Weſtminſter!* This you will ſay, is Language not fit to be uſed to a Gentleman: I grant it—but, like other general Rules, this too

may

may have its Exceptions; I cannot therefore allow it unfit for ſo *particular* a Gentleman; it is at leaſt as Gentle, as what your Oyſter-mouthed Muſe has beſtowed upon your humble Servant: And though yours it is true is charmingly chimed in Verſe, I ſtill find that the plain Words *Brazen*, *Brainleſs*, *Coxcomb*, *Blockhead*, *Impudent*, with that Burthen of your Song, *Dull* upon *Dull* for ever, whether in Verſe or Proſe, have juſt the ſame Signification. Nor can I conceive, why Rhyme ſhould have a more unlimited Licence than Reaſon! Is the Filth in one, of a ſweeter Smell than in the other? If therefore you think you have a Right to lay your ſatyrical Tail at my Door, whenever your Muſe has a Looſeneſs, have not I an equal Right to rub your Noſe in it?

Theſe, I confeſs again, are moſt unſavoury Similies; but I have the Claſſical Authority of your *Dunciad* to plead for them, where we occaſionally find your filthy Slut of a Muſe emptying her Jordan, Toaſt and all, into the Street! A delicate Noſegay it is, indeed! Smell it Reader—

Full in the middle Way, there ſtood a Lake,
Which Curl's Corinna *chanc'd that Morn to make;*
(Such was her wont, at early Dawn to drop
Her Ev'ning Cates before his Neighbour's Shop.)
Dun. B. 2. V. 69.

Now

Now, Sir, if you, who ſay you have copyed theſe *vile Ideas* from *Homer*, and Virgil, will either own that you have belied thoſe Authors, or that a Stink will be a Stink, let who will make it; then I ſay (provided you will eat your Words) I will give up mine, as equally unfit to come into civil Company: But if you unfairly refuſe to accept of this Alternative, I will e'en clap the whole Cloſe-ſtool, you have filled, upon your own Head, and with another Diſtich from the ſame Poem, that has laid me in an immortal *Sleep*, leave you in as memorable a *Stink* to all Poſterity.

Obſcene with Filth, the Miſcreant lies bewray'd,
Fal'n in the Plaſh his Wickedneſs had laid.

It is really ſurprizing, that a Satyriſt, who ſets himſelf up, as the Knight-Errant of Morality, ſhould think the plain fundamental Law of it (*do as you would be done by*) only binding to thoſe Pens who never wrote higher than Proſe. Nor need we go out of the *Dunciad* for fifty Examples to verify this Charge upon Mr. *Pope*: And if I offer but one, (where the Laureat is quite out of the Queſtion) I hope that will be enough to give me credit for the reſt. Pray, Sir, then be ſo far juſt to your own Conſcience, as to let us

know what you would have thought of the Author of the following Lines, had any Man wrote them but yourſelf? Where, after you have taken a handſome Part of our People of Quality, into the Herd of Dunces, for their Favour to Operas, you proceed with ſome of them in this particular manner, *viz.*

No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The Balm of Dulneſs, tickling in their Ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K**,
Why all your Toils? Your ſons have learn'd to ſing.
How quick Ambition haſtes to Ridicule!
The Sire is made a Peer, the Son a Fool.

Dun. B. 4. V. 543.

A Fool! for what? not toſſing you in a Blanket? Are we always to take the idle Word of a Rhymer, for the Truth of his Impudence? Will a Genius to Scandal juſtify the Publication of it? Or will the avoiding Art of ſpelling diſyllable Names with one Letter conceal the Venom? And if the Letter *K*, could be filled up, but with one Monoſyllable, in our whole Language that *ſing* would be a Rhyme to; Pray, Sir, how far does this fall ſhort of audaciouſly ſpelling them outright? But whether you were reduced to this inſolent Modeſty by the ſhameful Guilt, or fear of meeting

ing a due reward for it, let your Reader judge: And what is all this mighty moral Buſtle about? Why really nothing; if not to ſhew us that Muſick and Folly are inſeparable Companions: But in the Name of Wiſdom, how far would your dogmatical Doctrine forbid Virtue and good-Senſe the innocent Delight of it? Or if a Gentleman of Rank, whether as a Maſter, or an Adept in it, can paſs away a leiſure Hour with lending his Hand in a private Concert, does that qualify him for a Nich in a *Dunciad?* Where the barren Brain of the Bard too produces nothing but the word *Fool* to grin him out of Countenance? Had the Laureat been remarkable for theſe ſort of Liberties, then indeed, you might have roundly juſtified the *Impudence* you have charged him with. But in the honeſt Uſe, you, Sir, have made of your Talent, how far is this High-ſpirited Poetical Courage more excuſable, than that of a High-way-man? who takes but our Money from us, as you would our more valuable good Name, to ſupply your equally craving Wants of Food, or of Fame?

And now, Sir, having, by way of Introduction, breath'd myſelf a little upon *your* Morals; I am ready to take a cool Tilt, with thoſe of your Volunteer Champion Mr. *W. W.*

TO THE

Supposed AUTHOR *of the* PREFACE *to Mr.* POPE's *last Edition of his* DUNCIAD, *in Quarto, published* October *the 29th*, 1743.

SIR,

WHether you wear a Coat, or a Cassock, I cannot determine; for Mr. *Pope*, you know, is so apt to put his own Praises into the Mouth of a fictitious Author, that we cannot be sure whom we are to thank for the modest Performance: But this, at present, I am not much concern'd about; for whether *You*, Sir, wrote this Preface for *Him*, or *He* for *You*, I am still to consider it, as I find it sign'd by these two initials, *W. W.* If therefore this ingenious Deceit should betray me into any Liberties which your Character may not have reason to like, you will yourself be the best Judge how far you are, or are not indebted to Mr. *Pope* for the Favour. Now, Sir, though I cannot recollect, that I ever had the Happiness to see or speak to you in my Life, yet since you have condescended so publickly

lickly to recommend me to thoſe immortal Honours he has done me in his *Dunciad*; the leaſt Return I can make to ſo egregious a Goodneſs, is by a proper Notice of it, to encourage our better Acquaintance. I have your Preface, therefore, now before me, and Part of it runs thus, *viz.* "I had lately the Pleaſure to paſs ſome "Months with the Author *(of the Dunciad)* in "the Country, where I prevailed with him to "do, what I had long deſired, and favour me "with his Explanation of ſeveral paſſages in his "Works.—" And, in troth, well you might deſire it: for though there are ſcarce two Verſes (in his *Dunciad* at leaſt) that upon an Averidge, have not an hundred Lines in Proſe to explain and praiſe them; yet, it is pretty plain they are not all ſo clear as they ſhould be, when a Man of your critical Eye, is ſtill left in the Dark to grope out their Meaning —— But to go on with you ————

"It happened, that juſt at that Juncture was "publiſhed a *ridiculous Book* againſt him, full "of perſonal Reflections." (By what follows, I preſume you mean, my firſt Letter to him of *July* the 7th, 1742) "which furniſhed him "with a lucky Opportunity of improving *this* "*Poem*, by giving it, the only thing it wanted" *(Gall! you could not mean, I dare ſay! No, it could*

could be only, as you ſay) " A MORE CONSIDERA-
" BLE HERO. He was always ſenſible of its
" Defect, in that particular, and owned he had
" let it paſs, with the Hero it had, purely for
" want of a better; not entertaining the leaſt
" Expectation that ſuch a one was reſerved for
" this Poſt, as has ſince obtained the *Laurel*."

O brave Doctor! why, I find you are not only a moſt learned Critick, but a Wag too! Surely, ſurely, *Scriblerus* himſelf could not have equalled ſo fine a piece of Raillery! and mark how it clinches!——" But ſince that has happened, " he could no longer deny this Juſtice either to " *him*, or the *Dunciad*."

Now cannot I help forming to myſelf, the eaſy, indolent Suck-tooth Poſture you ſat in, while you ſagely compoſed ſo profound and pithy a Preface. But pray, Sir, if the *Laurel* itſelf gives a Man an immediate Title to the Poſt, How comes it that I have theſe thirteen Years been kept out of my Right to this Blockheadly Empire? Or why might not I have been inſtalled, in the very firſt Edition of his *Dunciad?* Since, by his former ſatyrical Flirts at me, it is plain, he thought my Dullneſs, as deep a Qualification then as he does now! unleſs he will confeſs, that by my ridiculous Letter, I have acquired, the freſher Merit of more highly provoking him?

But,

But, as Mr. *Pope*, I find wiſely weighs his poetical Juſtice, in the Scales of his Reſentment, I am not to wonder, that ſo dire a Calamity is fallen upon me. Yet you, Sir, I perceive, can ſtill give us a better Reaſon for it.—There it is—" And yet I will venture to ſay (which poſſibly " is more, *than any Body elſe will)*" There was another Motive, *(Then will I be hanged)* " which " had ſtill more Weight with our Author: This " Perſon (the Laureat) was one, who from every " Folly (not to ſay Vice) of which another would " be aſhamed, has conſtantly derived a *Vanity*; " and therefore was the *Man in the World, who* " *would leaſt be hurt by it.*

Why that's true, as you ſay; and if the Author thinks, I *ought* to be hurt by it, how far will his Vanity fall ſhort of mine? For when a Shot flies over my head, pray where is the Vanity in not Wincing at it? As for whatever his Wit may have *intended* to hurt me, I only beg the Indulgence, of now and then, a little laughing at it! Or if he is angry at that, I will, without doing him any farther Harm, fairly aſſign his Guilt over to its own Puniſhment, and as the charitable Ghoſt, in *Hamlet* ſays,

———*Leave him to Heaven!*
And to thoſe Thorns, that in his Boſom lodge,
To goad, and ſting him——— But

But now, Sir, to obſerve a little upon your own *hear-ſay* Opinion of me. When you deciſively ſtile me *one*, who from every *Folly (not to ſay Vice, &c.)* Would it not become a Divine, (though a Poet might ſay any thing) when he detracts from any Man's Character in ſo publick a Manner, to have his Aſſertions (though they were true) backed with a little better Evidence? Leſt the Licence of his Pen ſhould be thought a Vice of a deeper Dye, than any you have accuſed me of? I am afraid you have been in ill Company this Summer! and that your Friend Mr. *Pope*, perceiving your Inclination, to ſet up for a Wit, has waggiſhly given you ME for a Taſk to try your Good-will upon; Now really, Sir, I cannot but ſay, this muſt have been very Childiſh in ONE of you! For while by his Advice, you run your Head into a Waſps-Neſt, in order to kill them; will not that Advice be juſt as merry a Proof of his Friendſhip, as your following it will be a grave one of your Diſcretion? What in Nature could you propoſe by it? How could you hope, that ſo idle a Frolick, as your ſtanding *Stickler* in a Battle, between a peeviſh Poet, and a laughing Comedian, would not ſoil your Character? But ſince you are ſo fond of the Office, I will ſhew you all poſſible Fair-play, and by handſomely trimming your Caſſock, will lay myſelf as

open

pen to your Ridicule, as your Appetite to ame can deſire. How do you like me now, Doctor? But not to be quite ſo pert with you—

—As for my Follies then, which you think it o hideous in me not to be *aſhamed* of; I have in he Account of *my life* ſo roundly rallied them nyſelf, that it cannot eaſily be conceived, how ny Man of your reputed Learning, after ſo earty a Confeſſion, could think they deſerved ſtronger Reproof; and if I ſtill find it, while hey hurt no Body but myſelf, ſo difficult a matter to part with them, why might not ſo venial a Frailty have hoped for the ſame Indulgence, rom you, as your having ſo wantonly medled with *Me*, may hope from other People? But to ſay that *I derive a Vanity* from them, is ſo inſidious, ſo ſubtle a Penetration into a Mill-ſtone, that it is a Contradiction *in terminis:* For Vanity can only riſe, from ſome imaginary Excellence in our ſelves, which we really have *not*; and the Excellence of Folly, in a literal Senſe, is ſuch Non-ſenſe, that even Folly itſelf can have no Idea of.

As to my Vices, which you would inſinuate I am equally *vain* of, I take it to be as full a *gratis dictum* as the other: For though I am not vain enough to ſay, I am without them, yet how you, who have no perſonal Knowledge of me,

came to be ſo intimately acquainted with them; is a Myſtery you have not yet unfolded. Or, if I ſhould admit that (among thoſe Paſſages in his *Dunciad*, which you *deſired* Mr. *Pope*'s own *Explanation* of) his giving you ſome light into the Obſcurities he has beſtow'd upon me, might furniſh you with infallible Vouchers, for your vile Opinion of me; pray what does this *Ipſe dixit*, this mighty Imputation amount to? Why, truly, that I am certainly a Sinner, and therefore muſt be a Dunce. A notable Concluſion! and ſo irrefragable, that it holds upon every Man in the World, as well as myſelf! And if *Vitiis nemo ſine naſcitur*, that all Men are Sinners, be true; might not one conclude, by the Meaſure of your Charity for me, that you yourſelf, Sir, are not immaculate? But does it follow therefore, that you muſt certainly be good for nothing? Has not many a frail Clergyman, who has been fond of his Friend and his Bottle, Over-night, been able next Day to give us an excellent Sermon? Don't take this for a *Perſonal Reflection* now; for to my Sorrow, I own it, I never heard you preach in my Life: But depend upon it, when ever I know you deſign to mend the World or yourſelf, from any Pulpit, in *London*, I will moſt penitently pay you a religious Attendance. And if afterwards

I

I ſhould publiſh ſome occaſional Notes upon your Diſcourſe, why may it not be judged as proper an Employment of *My* Time, as the Commentaries you promiſe us, upon ſo carnal a Writer, as Mr. *Pope*, may be of *Yours?* Indeed, Doctor, I ſhould rather adviſe you to ſtick to your *Divine Legation of Moſes!* There you are in your Element! for there you may ſhew us —— What? Not any neceſſary Part of our Belief, that is not enjoin'd in the Scripture, I hope! For if the Scripture, which is the Word of God, does not declare his Legation to be Divine, why are we to take a mortal Word for it? and of all Mortals, why more immediately Yours? But then again, if the Scripture *does* allow your Aſſertion to be true; why what have you been doing all this while? —— wiſely holding up the Lamp of your Lucubrations to ſhew us the Sun. Prodigious! to prove that at Mid-day — it is Noon! What you will ſay to my talking of things ſo much above me, I know not: but think it as abſurd as you pleaſe; provided you will allow me to have the ſame Thoughts of your medling with *my* Squabbles, ſo much below you, I will accept of your Cenſure, and make you a low Bow into the Bargain. But I have a little more to ſay to you.

Being, at firſt, in ſome Doubt whether Mr. *W. W.* really exiſted, or might be ſome Phantom

of Mr. *Pope*'s own forming, I was told by a Perſon of Diſtinction, that you were a Clergyman of Parts and great Learning! No one ſure that knows how a Clergyman ought to employ his Time, will wonder I ſhould be a little ſurpriſed, though not totally diſpleaſed, to hear, that the very Perſon, who had ſo judiciouſly aſſiſted Mr. *Tibbald* in his Edition of *Shakeſpear* (wherein the idle Gueſſes and Errors of Mr. *Pope*, in the ſame Undertaking, are ſo juſtly expoſed and refuted) ſhould now, almoſt in the ſame Breath, blow Hot and Cold, and enter into ſo unexpected an alliance with Mr. *Pope*, whoſe Labours he had ſo unluckily diſgraced! But great Wits, I find, like other Troublers of the World's Repoſe, are Friends or Enemies juſt as their varying Intereſts or Paſſions incline them. Now, though I cannot determine which Motive might more induce you to a Peace with him, your Willingneſs to redeem your old Ally, Mr. *Tibbald*, from his Diſhonour in the *Dunciad*, or the Regret you felt for the Shame you had inadvertently brought Mr. *Pope* to, as an Editor: Yet this I find to be certain, that your happy Recommendation of the Laureat to be hanged up in *Tibbald* his Place has compleated the Work, and brought every Man out of his Difficulty: No Comedy ever concluded with ſo intire Satisfaction on all Sides! *Pope* pardons you! You for-

forgive *Pope! Tibbald* is releaſed! and *Colley* the Coxcomb is the only ridiculous Perſon to the End of the Piece! and now —— ſtrike up Muſick! play the *Dunciad!* and let the Laureat pay the Piper! ——— ſo three Huzzas, and King *Colley* for ever!

No one, ſure! that reads of this Atchievement, but muſt allow Invention to be the Life and Soul of Poetry! Had not you, Sir, been preſent to his Aid, how many painful Months longer might poor Mr. *Pope* have lain in Labour of his ——— *Something to ſay to me!* O happy Birth! may we not avow? *Minerva*, from the Brain of *Jove*, came not forth in ſo perfect a Shape of Wit, as this new Thought of the *more conſiderable Hero* has ſprung from Yours.

Why truly, I cannot but own that between you, you have done it ——— in a Diſh! nay, and with a wet Finger too. How ſmall a Trouble has it coſt him? *Columbus*'s Egg was not a clearer Expedient! The bare Change of one Name for another is his whole Expence of Thought about it! The Materials, and Furniture of the Character, even to the ſame Books, in his Study (which he knew would never be looked into) ſtand juſt in their old Places! the Clouds, the Miſts, the Fogs, and ſome Vapours of Dulneſs (let them never ſo much obſcure the Likeneſs

neſs) will ſerve for any Mortal he has a Mind to wrap in them! therefore ſtand clear, good People! for when *Pope* is in a blind Paſſion, no Body knows who may feel the Effect on't!

This then, Sir, (let me with wonder repeat it) is the full and ample Relief you have found for his late low and ſickly Vengeance, and this your immortal Expedient for the improvement of his *Dunciad.* 'Tis inimitable I muſt confeſs!

Yet, notwithſtanding all the greateſt Men can do, Prejudice, or want of Taſte we find, will have their different ways of Thinking. For (would you believe it, Sir) ſhall I tell you what a good many of the great Vulgar ſay about all this Matter —— 'Tis true, ſome of them won't read it; but thoſe that do, cry, "*Pooh! the Fellow's* "*a Fool. Now he has ſhewn the bare A—ſe of his* "*Wit with a Vengeance*; Pox on him, he writes "like a Taylor! nay and a bad Taylor too! "This new Fool's Coat he has cut for *Colley*, "fits him no more than the Zig-zag Suit on his "own Back, would become any Man alive but "himſelf!" There, I confeſs, they ſeem a little ſcurrilous! Perſonal Reflections are poor and pitiful Arguments: But as I only repeat what theſe haſty People ſay, I am not anſwerable for it: Nor can I oblige every body to be of the ſame Opinion with them, any more than I can compel others

to

to take Mr. *Pope*'s bare Word, in Evidence of my being the dull Devil, he ſings, and ſays I am. But, as he ſeems to hope, that his Evidence will grow ſtronger, by being ten times repeated —why, if he can get the reſt of the World to think ſo too — then indeed! I ſhall not have a Word more to ſay to him.

It is, I confeſs, great Pity, when a Man has carried up his Satire to the high-ſpirited Flights of Mr. *Pope*, that the World ſhould notwithſtanding have Eyes and Ears of their own to judge with; and that a beautiful Diſgrace ſhall be deemed by ſuch Ignorants, though they never thought out of Proſe in their Lives, to fall ſhort of the Perſon it was intended to ſtick upon! While this, I ſay, is to be ſuffered, this vulgar Way of judging, by the Literal Light of Reaſon —— Adieu Invention! Farewell the vaſt Prerogative of Verſe, to *ſave*, or *damn*, as Flatery, or Offence incites us! Till theſe Enormities are reſtrained, our Patriot-patrons may again be Traitors! and the Virtues of a *Timon*, or the brazen Laugh of a brainleſs Laureat ſhall triumph o'er the Mocks, and Fleers, and ſtigmatizing Stings of Satire!

A lamentable Caſe indeed! But ever ſince Truth has been Truth, ſo it was and ever will be, though

though Mr. *Pope* were to do double Duty for the Devil, and write himſelf black in the Face!

Now, though Verſe may be a vaſt Ornament to Truth; as Beauty is to Virtue; yet when the Science becomes a Proſtitute to our partial Paſſions; when we dreſs up Malice, Detraction, or Revenge in the rich Robes, that only can become the Dignity of Truth to wear — to how vile, how blaſted, how odious a Deformity may the faireſt Muſe reduce herſelf?

What Poet will profit by this Doctrine, I cannot eaſily gueſs; but, if it reaches not Mr. *Pope*, then he may be as ſafely unoffendend at it, as I am at whatever the Licence of his Verſe has applied to Me.

And though the ſublime, trifling Pains he has taken about me, is what he (and poſſibly you, Sir, by your Attachment to him) may call *mending the World*; yet I cannot but think, it would have been an Attempt, equally commendable, in a Man of your Calling, before you ſingled him out for your Country Companion, to have ſhewn a little of your Diſcretion, by firſt *mending* the *Mender*: Or, if that could not be brought about, methinks the notorious Liberties his Muſe has taken with the Characters of our Clergy, might at leaſt have warned you, as it has many other thinking People, to have avoided him! One would

would readily imagine that your Curioſity had got the better of your Prudence, and that you had never ſeen ſuch a thing, as a live Poet before, by your ſo innocently playing and clubbing your wit with him, to rail at a Man you never ſpoke to, meerly becauſe he had lately laughed at Mr. *Pope*. Or if you yet ſee no harm, in what you have done. Pray Sir, be ſo good, when your Commentaries upon his Works come out, as to let us into the true and harmleſs Meaning of the following Line, in his *Dunciad*. B. 2. v. 352.

Dulneſs is ſacred in a ſound Divine.

Might not one as roundly ſay to this,

Can Verſe — ſuch Wickedneſs to Wit refine?

Or, if it is urged, that this ſolemn Impiety comes from the Mouth of a Blockhead, is that a Reaſon why a Wiſe Man muſt hear it? Its being natural to a Character, is no Excuſe for the Guilt of it! What have we Laws made for, but to keep Nature within due Bounds? And I don't know that *ludere cum ſacris* was ever licenced by the Law of any Nation! *Sacred* is an Epithet, that carries, or ought to carry, Reverence to whatever it is annexed; but to ſay Dulneſs is *ſacred*, is at beſt, but the impudent Irony of a wan-

ton Wickedneſs! and the *ſound Divine*, that is dragged in to be ridiculed by it, is an Inſolence too flagrant to be born, by the Lenity of a Chriſtian Reader! What he would farther imply by this ſhocking Sarcaſm is as unfit to be explained, as to be thought of! Look but two lines lower in the ſame Page, and you will ſee, how much ſtronger ſtill (upon the ſame Subject) his Malevolence and Rancour blazes!

Around him wide a ſable Army *ſtand,*
A low-born, Cell-bred, ſelfiſh, ſervile Band,
Prompt or to guard or ſtab, to ſaint or damn,
Heav'n's Swiſs, *who fight for any, God or Man.*

I ſhall now ſhew you, how unguardedly this *Mender* of Mankind excuſes the Licence of theſe Lines! How they came to want any excuſe at all, he beſt knows: But this I know, that Honeſty is always its own Excuſe: if he thinks otherwiſe, let us hear how he clears up their Innocence; in his Remark on Ver. 355. B. 2d. he has theſe Words, *viz.*

" It is to be hoped that the Satyr in theſe " Lines will be underſtood in the confined Senſe " in which the Author meant it, of *only* ſuch of " the Clergy——"

How Sir, *only!* What, only of an *Army* of them?

them? Why their whole body together would ſcarce amount to what is uſually called an *Army!* Can he then *hope*, that ſo full, and extenſive a Word ſhould be taken, in a *confined Senſe?* But as he ſeems to be raiſing Recruits for the Devil, and allows them all to be *Swiſs* too, it is no wonder he choſe to *Lump* them, into his Maſter's Service! What follows will ſhew us, how well diſciplined a Corps he has made of them ——

" Who, though ſolemnly engaged in the Ser-
" vice of Religion, dedicate themſelves for venal
" and corrupt Ends to that of Miniſters, or
" Factions; and though educated under an en-
" tire Ignorance of the World." — What Ignorance! I cannot ſuppoſe him ſo charitable, as to mean their Ignorance of the Wickedneſs of it, or of the Modes and Good-breeding of politer Sinners only: Why then does their Education exclude them, from any uſeful Knowledge of the World more than other ſenſible Men, whoſe Education may in Eſſentials, have been leſs taken care of?

" Aſpire to interfere in the Government of
" it, and conſequently to diſturb, and diſorder
" it, *&c.*"

And yet I don't remember, that any of theſe *Aſpirers* have been remarkably troubleſome ſince the laſt Popiſh Reign, unleſs it were *One*, whom

Mr. *Pope* in his literary Correſpondence, follows with his good Wiſhes, even to the Verge of his Excile. But Treaſon, perhaps, may be one of thoſe venial Frailties, for which his tender Conſcience may ſtill retain ſome Charity; and a modeſt Inclination to whiten a Man, who appeared black to the whole Body of a Legiſlature, might be a particular Inſtance of it. The Reſt of his Paragraph, though ſomething more heavily laboured, will ſtill ſhew the indefatigable Mind of the Writer, and therefore I hope you will have Patience to go through it. It immediately follows the laſt above-cited Words of it.

" In which they fall ſhort only of their Pre-
" deceſſors, when inveſted with a larger Share
" of Power and Authority, which they employed
" indifferently (as is hinted at in the Lines above)
" either in ſupporting arbitrary Power, or in ex-
" citing Rebellion.

Now I thought the Lines above were ſtrong enough in all Conſcience, without this ſupererogatory Explanation: But when Scandal is the Theme, He (happy Man) never thinks he can enough pour-out the Abundance of his Soul! and thus he goes on with it ———

" In canonizing the Vices of Tyrants" (*That he might have left to the Popiſh Clergy*) " or in black-
" ening the Virtues of Patriots; in corrupting Re-

" Religion by Superſtition" *(Hey Day! What has he changed his Religion? Why this is talking more like a Preſbyterian, than a Papiſt, to be offended with the Superſtion of a Proteſtant Church.)* " Or betraying it by Libertiniſm"— *(No! there he is a Papiſt again)* " As either was thought " beſt to ſerve the Ends of Policy, or flatter the " Follies of the Great."

What! No Mercy! No Exception allowed to this general Charge! Was all Virtue baniſhed from among them, when his Prelatical Friend took an involuntary Trip to *Paris?* Could not he, to ſave Appearances at leaſt, have granted there might have been *ſome* among the Number, whoſe irreproachable and exemplary Lives came not within the reach of his Satyr? No! Mr. *Pope* ſcorns to ſay what he does not think! But be that as it may, he is more concerned it ſeems for the *Spirit*, than the *Truth* of his Poetry! and therefore makes no Exceptions at all. Thus, Sir, you ſee how the Intrepidity of his Proſe has ſoftened the Malignity of his Verſe! by notoriouſly enlarging thoſe Crimes in his Note, which he thought his Rhyme had been too narrow for: Here, he makes them of ſo large, and extenſive a Nature too, that no leſs than the whole Body of an united Clergy could be able to commit them, and yet has the amazing Effrontery, to hope we will give up our Senſes, and kindly believe,

lieve, that he *confined* his Meaning to a ſmall Number of them —— But I think Mr. *Pope* was never famed for Invention; for here it ſeems to be gravelled to the Diſtreſs of a Truant School-Boy, that deſerves as ſevere a Whipping for the Confident Excuſe he makes for his Fault, as for the Fault itſelf. How lamentable is it, then, that ſo great, ſo heavenly a Gift as Poetry, ſhould like Beauty, with a bad Mind, be capable of the vileſt Abuſe and Proſtitution!

Would not one think, by this Sort of writing, that Mr. *Pope* had an Exemption from all the Laws of Morality, or Government? Or that like a Deſpotic Prince, he thought himſelf accountable to God alone? He could not ſure but know, that in Countries, where the Popiſh Religion prevails, People have been broiled alive, for Words leſs criminal, than the Poiſon contained in the above-mentioned Verſes! But here, perhaps, under the Lenity of a Proteſtant Faith, he will only have a Mark ſet upon his Morals, and, poſſibly, be but avoided, or deteſted for them! Nay profeſſed Libertines may probably overlook the ſcandalous Iniquity, for the daring Spirit of the Poetry; as if the Brightneſs of the Sword could palliate the Stab of an Aſſaſſin, or make it venial in a Son, to ſhoot a Father through the Head, with a golden Bullet! Satyr in ſo malevolent

levolent a Heart, is Fire in a Madman's Hand, in a Powder-Room! his blowing himſelf up with it, is but a poor Amends to thoſe, who are within reach of the Miſchief: Such an avowed Opinion of our Clergy, infuſed into the weak Minds of the Multitude, were enough to damp, and ſtagger the Faith of many an innocent believing Chriſtian. But, perhaps he thought it might be a Merit to his own Church, to blacken thoſe who had rejected its Errors, and with the Conſtancy of Martyrs, had dared to *Proteſt* againſt them.

But, here, I ought to aſk Pardon of that Reverend and Holy Order of Men, who have among them Examples that needed not the weak Aſſiſtance of my officious Zeal to defend them from ſo virulent an Attack, againſt which the Practice and Conduct of their Lives are impregnable. And though their Contempt might be their only proper Reply to it; yet I thought, it might not miſbecome a Man ſo long known to have held a Glaſs to the World, to ſhew ſo inſolent and impious an Author, as well a Monſter as ridiculous! Yet this, Sir, is the Man, whoſe Temper and turn of Mind, you could have been no Stranger to, before you had choſen him for your late Summer-Companion! But when two Authors of a different Genius meet, it is no wonder

der that the mutual Compliments which muſt naturally be offered to each other's Merit (and which by paying, they equally hope to recieve) ſhould throw them both into ſuch good Humour, as to make them think they never paſſed their Time in more agreeable Company. And this, Sir, I allow might poſſibly be your Caſe with Mr. *Pope:* But don't you think, that in this Situation your Complaiſance may have out-gone your Diſcretion, when you ſo inconſiderately ſubſcribed your Name to that notable advice of his giving a more *conſiderable Hero* to his *Dunciad?* Was this a Frolick for a Man, in your grave Station, to engage it? To publiſh your approbation of ſuch a barren, twice-told Story, ſuch a clumſy, coarſe Piece of Cookery, ſuch a Yeſterday's Dinner ill-dreſſed over again, and at the unconſionable Price of *Seven and Sixpence* a Head too! You could not ſure ſuppoſe ſo idle an Employment of your Time could recommend, or give a Lift to any higher Preferment in the Church. But of that you ought to be a better Judge than I: Yet if a well-governed Mind ſtands in any degree of Merit that way, I ſhould think, by the Road you have taken, you had been galloping your Character, like a blind Man, upon a blind Horſe with a looſe Rein! And ſo, Sir, whenever your

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Canonical Duty has a leiſure Hour for your thinking of any farther Poetical Preferment for me, you will be ſure to have it returned with the ſame grateful Acknowledgment of,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

December *the* 20*th*, 1743. C. Cibber.

And now, Mr. *Pope*, I return to (what I believe will be) my laſt Notice of you.

I ſhall not therefore trouble my Readers with particular Replies to all the hot and heavy Things in your Notes, which you have ſo long been hammering into Wit upon me; there being ſcarce a ſenſible Judge, but muſt think they too groſsly anſwer themſelves. As to the late Addition to your *Dunciad*, I do not (ſincerely) meet with a Mortal that allows it to be any more than a gilded Counter, without either Sterling Value, or Weight in it, and conſequently, that I ought not to receive it as a lawful Tender in Payment of what it appears you owe me, by the Balance of our Accounts in my late Letter. Since then, I have but little hopes of being cleared off by you, and though the youthful Heat and Extra-

vagancies of your ungovernable Underſtanding have brought it to this low Condition; yet, notwithſtanding, Bankrupt as you are, I will for old Acquaintance ſake, relieve you with what ſmall Senſe I have about me, which, if you think fit to make right Uſe of, may poſſibly recover your Credit. But don't expect I ſhould now talk to you, in my former Stile of Reproach and Complaint, like an Equal, but in a quite different manner, that of a charitable Relation, who has taken you to his Care, and has a Right to chide you like his Child, when you miſbehave yourſelf.

[*It is deſired that what follows may be read in a diſtinct, grave Tone, without the leaſt Smile upon the Countenance.*]

Come, *Alexander!* don't be diſcouraged! the Error thou haſt committed is at worſt of ſo refined a Nature, that the utmoſt Strain of proſaick Wit could not have fallen into it! 'tis true, thou haſt ſcrewed thy Cynical String a little too high, and though it has broke in the middle of thy *Sonata*; yet that's a Misfortune I have known happen to *Veracini* himſelf, in the fineſt Part of his Performance. Or though, again (as the Vulgar ſay) when thy Hand was in, thou didſt not know

know when to give over; yet comfort thyſelf with this juſt Obſervation, that

Nullum ingenium, ſine mixtura dementiæ.

Or as *Dryden* ſings it,

Great Wits to Madneſs ſure are near ally'd,
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide.

So that thou ſeeſt I allow thee to be a Wit, though not an over-wiſe Man. Nay! nay! my dear little Friend! don't glout ſo! what I ſay is for thy good, and if thou makeſt a right Uſe of it, thou wilt find it ſo! I therefore tell thee again, thou haſt been unfortunately wrong! for I cannot but ſay, that thy low Invention of making the Laureat the new Hero of thy *Dunciad*, without producing the leaſt Evidence of his Pretence to the Title, is but a wretched Reply to his Letter, and leaves him but the ſame laughing-Fellow he was before thy Weakneſs was angry with him. And in reality, thy calling the man the ſame Names, over and over again, that do not belong to him, what is it more than the Wit of a *Weſtward-hoe! Waterman*, put into Rhime? a merry Mouthful of Sound, and no Harm done; with juſt as much vulgar Conviction and common-Senſe in it!

Now had I been in thy Plight, and conſcious that I could not by any known Facts, have made

him ridiculous, I ſhould have thought it a wiſer Part to have been quite ſilent to his Letter, than by ſo feeble a Notice of it, to have laid myſelf open a ſecond Time, to ſo ſilly a Diſgrace. Nay, ſo little Trouble it coſts him to bring thee into it, that thou ſeeſt, he fairly beats thee by Temper! For though, like the *fretful Porcupine*, by darting thy ſatirical Quills at the reſt of Mankind, thou mayſt make thyſelf terrible to many; yet, while He conſiders thee as a little, briſtling Hedge-hog on Tiptoe, what has he to fear? What Fable in *Æſop* can make the Reptile more ridiculous? ——— What! ——— Prithee ſpeak out, my Lad, for I don't hear thee ——— O ho! *Thy Verſe will live, thou ſayſt after he is dead!* What a chimerical Conſolation! that thy Vengeance may overtake him, when he will not be able to feel it! But in the mean-time, what wilt thou do to avoid the wreſtleſs Life, he may be apt to lead thee, while he lives? Prithee abate me a little of that idle, immortal Hope, and rather try, inſtead of being a weak Enemy to Him, to get thee one good Night's Reſt, by being a wiſer Friend to Thyſelf: For thou muſt firſt, like Him, confeſs thy Follies, before we can poſſibly pardon them. Why then wilt thou ſo unprofitably waſte thy Life in a continual gnawing Care to cocker-up that Fame, which thy own

meditating

meditating Gall is every Hour deſtroying by thy not enduring a Rival in it, or thinking every Man ſuch that meets with Succeſs, though but in a ſingle Play! a Work, which by thy having ſo dirtily and often dabbled in, it is plain thou never hadſt an equal Courage, alone, and unaſſiſted, to undertake. What then is all this tawdry Triumph in thy *Dunciad*, but the Inſult of a wall-eyed Cur baying the Moon? Full as diſtant, I am told, is thy Cynical Spleen, from the Object it ſtares at!

But becauſe I will not (as thou doſt by the Laureat) rebuke thee without Evidence of thy Errors, I will with thy own Words, ſupport what I have charged thee with.

In the tedious, pedantick Diſſertation of thy *Ariſtarchus* upon the Hero of thy Poem, thou telleſt us, that "The conſtituent Qualities of "the leſſer Epic Hero are, *Vanity*, *Impudence*, "and *Debauchery*, from which happy Aſſemblage "reſulteth *Heroick Dulneſs*, &c." And that conſequently the Laureat is the Perſon thus compleatly qualified for the Throne in the *Dunciad*.

Now let us ſee how glaringly thou haſt made theſe dainty Diſtinctions ſhine in him! The firſt Inſtance thou giveſt of his Vanity is by miſquoting what he ſays in his Dedication of his Apology, *&c.* The Words thou makeſt him ſay are theſe,

theſe, *Let the World impute to me what Folly, or Vanity they pleaſe, I am content to be gazed at* —— and there too thou inſidiouſly leaveſt out the reſt.

Now pray obſerve, how viſible the Face of this Vanity will be changed, when his own Words are the Teſt of it! Have Patience then, till I read thee his whole Paragraph, which thou haſt ſo unmercifully mutilated. Here it is, ſpeaking of the Pleaſure he had enjoyed at the *Villa* of his Patron, he ſays that thither he always brought—

" A Heart that has juſt Senſe enough to mix
" Reſpect with Intimacy, and is never more de-
" lighted, than when your rural Hours of Lei-
" ſure admit me, with all my laughing Spirits,
" to be my Idle ſelf, and in the whole Day's
" Poſſeſſion of You! then indeed, I have Rea-
" ſon to be vain; I am then diſtinguiſhed by a
" Pleaſure too great to be concealed, and could
" almoſt pity the Man of graver Merit, that
" dares not receive it, with the ſame unguarded
" Tranſport! This *Nakedneſs of Temper the World*
" *may place in what Rank of Folly they pleaſe*, but
" till Wiſdom can give *me ſomething that will make*
" *me more heartily happy, I am content to be gazed*
" *at as I am*, without leſſening my Reſpect for
" thoſe, whoſe Paſſions may be more ſoberly
" covered."

Now

Now where, I ſay, do we find this glaring vanity thou haſt loaded him with? Does all this amount to any more, than that he is apt to be *unguardedly* overjoyed, where he ought to be but decently pleaſed; or if that be a Folly, would not Good-nature abate a good deal of the Error for the Confeſſion of it? But with Thee — (O ſilly, ſilly, *Alexander!*) I find it is criminal! Yet not content with this confident Quotation, in five Lines farther thou aggravateſt the Wrong, by ingrafting on it a ſecond Falſification, where in repeating thy Charge thou calleſt it Now "A laudable "Ambition of being *gazed at*, for glorying in "thoſe *Vices*, &c." What Vices? he has mentioned none! unleſs a Weakneſs, which Malice cannot make a Vice of, be vicious; for if we grant thee that all Vices are Follies, thou wilt not, ſure, infer from thence, that Follies are Vices. Fy! fy! *Alexander*, He does not intimate any ſuch Ambition; much leſs glory in it! *Vices* is a wicked Word of thy own, foiſted into the harmleſs Text, with the Confidence of an *Iriſh* Evidence. But this is a vile Trick thou canſt not leave off, I ſee, though in his *Letter*, he had already more than once detected thee in the very ſame Practice; and give me leave to tell thee, that if ſuch bare-faced Calumny is no Blemiſh to that *laudable Ambition*, which might raiſe the manly

manly Genius of a Muſe to Immortality, then may the brazen Beauties of *Drury* be equally qualified for the Virgin Services in the Temple of *Veſta*. I grant thee *Alexander*, that the Vileneſs of this Compariſon ſets thee but in an unfavourable Light; yet it is as decent a Covering as the Nakedneſs of Truth will admit of. Prithee don't let the Licence of thy Wit ſo frequently run-away with thy Conſcience! haſt thou no honeſter Way to come at him, than by corrupting his own Words to lay baſtardly Facts at his Door, which thy Wickedneſs knows are of thy own beggarly Breeding! To call the Confeſſion of his *Follies* a Glorying in his *Vices*, is the inſolent Logick of a Jeſuit.

The next Qualification of thy Hero is *Impudence:* But here thy modeſty begins to faulter, in its Evidence; and rather chuſes to change ſo brazen a Word into *Bravery*; or if, by *Bravery* thou ſtill meaneſt *Impudence*, thou haſt chiefly confined it to his *Face*, where the only Symptoms thou ſheweſt of it, are in the barren Repetition of what thou haſt ſaid of him before, *viz. That he glories in his Follies*, &c. till at laſt thou art reduced, to fix it, in what thou calleſt —— *His daring Figure in Speech, which is taken from the Name of God!* A very ſingular Deſcription of *Impudence*, truly! What a *Galimatias!* This indeed is

on

one of those choice Specimens of thy Willingness to be Witty which thou frequently presented us with! Here we plainly see thee, Heavily Groaning, and Writing in Labour of some stinging Sarcasm, which the Weakness of its Parent has not Strength enough to bring into the World! All the Meaning, then, we can pick out of this Abortive Paragraph is —— That he is a Swearer —I dare say, if it be true, he will not have the *Impudence* to justify the Imputation: But be it true or false, I cannot see how it will at all serve thy Purpose; or what Inference thou canst draw from it, more than that, He is a Sinner! But thou shouldst consider that his Title to the Throne thou hast given him, is not founded on his *Wickedness*, but his *Stupidity!* And farther, that Swearing is a Sin, which Men of quick Spirits are more apt to be guilty of than *Blockheads!* Now as thou hast allowed him

——Form'd by Nature, Stage, and Town to bless,
And act, and be the Coxcomb with Success.

Dun. B. 1. v. 109.

Even this involuntary Compliment destroys thy Satire! inasmuch as to act a Coxcomb well, requires a Justness of Imagination, which Dunces will never arrive at. Therefore these Inconsistencies of which thou hast formed his Character, I cannot but say, are more unfortunate Proofs of thy *own*, than of *his* Stupidity! And as in thy Index (in the Article of *Cibber*) thou hast farther

allowed that —— *He was once thought to hav*
Wrote a good Play — Does not this Confeſſion to
(cold as it is) coming from thee, admit a ye
ſtronger Flaw in his Title? Truſt me, *Alexander*
if thou goeſt on at this wild Rate, thou wilt ſoo
make the Throne of thy Laureat vacant; an
who knows, then, but the ſecond Thought o
thy Readers may humorouſly mount thee into it
as the merry Mob, at a Cock-match hoiſt up
Cheat into the Baſket, for having loſt a Bet h
was not able to pay.

And this being thy Caſe, I do not find, whe
his Impudence and thine are compared, but th
thine, by this long Stride of Slander, muſt b
by far, the more enormous of the two! Have
care! The Qualities of thy Hero are cloſe at th
Heels, and if thou doſt not make ſome bett
Shift to conceal thyſelf, will ſoon be within th
Haunches —— Here they come again.

The next ingredient thou ſayeſt, in his Comp
ſition, is *gentle Love:* In the Definition of whi
thy dark Wit has made ſuch a pedantick, jum
ling Jargon of narrow Poſitions, and wide Inf
rences, and obſcure Similitudes, that thy re
Meaning, like the old Woman's Affair, in t
old Saying, is *ſwept about, till thou haſt loſt i*
But at laſt all we can ſmell of it, is this notab
Concluſion, *viz.* That *the Man is, ſure enough H*
ro, who has his Lady at fourſcore. Ah! lack, a
well-a-day! I am afraid the Flattery of this Sca
dal will find a moſt ſorrowful Difficulty in
b

being believed! And though this Deſcription (when thou dreweſt it) was not within eight Years reach of the Laureat, how couldeſt thou be ſure that the Lady thy Goodneſs has given him, would not, in this wicked World, rather make him an Object of Envy, than Contempt? Even thou thyſelf, my little *Tom-Tit*, I ſuſpect wouldſt be glad of the ſame Reproof, with the Power of deſerving it. But however, to let thy Wit have its own Way; ſuppoſing this dreadful Imputation were true of him, what would it avail thee? What Strength would it add to his Title of Imperial Stupidity? Is a hale, or wanton Conſtitution (even at Fourſcore, if thou wilt)—any Proof of the Mud in his Brain? Or are Vice, and Dullneſs ſynonimous Terms? Indeed, *Alexander*, this raking into a Man's private Sins, to prove him a Dunce, is but much about the Sagacity of peeing into his Cloſe-ſtool, to prove him a Glutton! Here let me, again adviſe thee to be more guarded, leſt thy leaden Vindication of his *Brazen* Title, produce much heavier Proofs of thy own.

But of all his Vices, why wouldſt thou ſo raſhly meddle with his Amours? Which might again intitle him to be dangerouſly familiar with thy own? For, if I am rightly informed, the ridiculous Light which his Letter (under that tender Article) has laid thee in, has hurt thee more, and lain deeper in thy Mind, than all the ſeverer Attacks he has made upon thy Character. Now, there, I muſt own, thou ſeemeſt to me, to have been

quite uneaſy, in the wrong Place! For, ſure, to have been expoſed, as a *bad Man*, ought to have given thee thrice the Concern, of being ſhewn a *ridiculous Lover!* That's a Misfortune, the wiſeſt Men have been liable to, who otherwiſe conſidered, may have loſt no Reputation by it: But the marked-out Blemiſhes of vain Glory, low Malice, and a lewd Abuſe of the valuable Gifts of Nature, are Diſgraces never to be got over! Thy taking it, then, ſo bitterly to heart, to have been compared to ſo pretty a litte Creature, as a Tom-Tit, is a Weakneſs, I am aſhamed to think thou wert capable of! Yet this, I am told is the unpardonable Provocation, which has once more, and ſo particularly, inflamed thee! This is that, *altâ mente repôſtum*, that has rallied thy Vengeance on him, in thy *Dunciad!* This too has piqued thee like a blind, beaten Bubble at *Tennis*, to play the ſame mad Match over-again. While therefore thou art ſo fond of the Sport, though ſo fallen off, in thy Play, that thy fine Stroke of taking him from thy Herd of Dunces, to ſhew him a greater at the Head of them, has rather deſtroyed than heightened the Reſemblance; yet thy Folly at leaſt has given him an equal Right by leſſening his former Portrait of thee, in thy amorous Fit, to make thee a yet more ſtrangely Ridiculous Original. This, I ſay, being the Advantage thou haſt given him, what now reſtrains him, from once more reminding thee of the former friendly Office he did thee, when in thy dangerous

gerous Deed of Darkneſs, crawling on the Boſom of thy deer Damſel, he gently, with a Finger and a Thumb, picked off thy ſmall round Body, by thy long Legs, like a Spider, making Love in a Cobweb; why, I ſay, might not ſuch a human Inſect, ſuch a diſmal Devil of a *Dunce* in Love, make as proper a Figure on the Throne of Stupidity, as the more wholeſome Sinner with *his Lady at Fourſcore?* In a word, till with the Temper of the Laureat, thou canſt join, in the Laugh, when thou lieſt open the Jeſt, thou wilt only revenge thy Enemies upon thyſelf, and at beſt, but die an anxious, celebrated, miſerable Man. But farther —There yet appears a ſtronger Indiſcretion, in thy Raillery on this *gentle Love*; becauſe however ridiculous that general Paſſion may have made him, he ſeems not near ſo much a Martyr to it, as thyſelf! Having no remaining Complaints to make, from his former Abuſe of it; a Happineſs I do not hear thou haſt yet arrived at; for by the inadvertent Commiſeration of thy Health which lately eſcaped from a Perſon of Honour in my Hearing, we are afraid, that if the earthen Receiver on thy Night-table could ſpeak, it might tell us, by how ſlow a Diſtilment of Drop by Drop (paſſing through the *Strainers* of a Stricture) thy Tears of Penitence, to this Hour, fall from thee!

Therefore, my good *Alexander*, conſider by thy being liable to have all theſe Truths of thee made publick, what poſſible Glory canſt thou reap from this idle Conteſt? How many more People will have reaſon to believe all he has ſaid of *Thee*, than will ſuppoſe any one thing thou haſt

ſaid

ſaid of *Him* to be true? And had the *Laureat* been as weak an Enemy to *Pope*, as *Pope* has been to the *Laureat*, then mighteſt thou have beaten him with his own Weapon, a Laugh! and without the Imputation of *Vanity* — *for thy being the only Man in the World, that could not be hurt by him.* But alas! when by thy peeviſh Revenge in thy *Dunciad*, thou haſt given ſuch Proof of thy Tenderneſs, and of how little a Stroke *will* hurt thee, how couldſt thou ſtill, ſo like a Child, ſcratch at the Face of thy Corrector: But before I conclude, let me return to what I had like to have forgot, my laſt Remark upon what thou ſeemeſt to enjoy as a ſtronger Ridicule in the Character of thy *Hero*.

In giving us a farther Inſtance of thy *Vanity*, thou ſayſt that in his *Apology for his Life*, &c. " He conſtantly paragons himſelf with *Alexander* " the Great, and *Charles* the XII. of *Sweden*, for " the Exceſs and Delicacy of his Ambition; to " *Henry* the IV. of *France*, for honeſt Policy, " and to *&c.* for *&c.*

But in all this Triumph, whether thou committeſt a wilful or a natural Miſtake, thy Accuſation will be equally abſurd: For when thou takeſt Raillery in a ſerious Senſe, thou muſt either be ſtupid thyſelf, or think thy Readers ſo, by this ſhallow Endeavour to impoſe upon them: For what Sort of them canſt thou imagine ſo ignorant, as not to know that raillery has always been indulged in an unlimited Licence of comparing the ſmalleſt Things to the greateſt, and the more extravagant the Parallel, the more it anſwers the

In-

Intention of being inoffenſively ridiculous. But to be the Subject of a Man's own Ridicule muſt flow from an eaſy Lightneſs of Heart, which (in all thy Pretentions to Humour, or voluminous Solicitudes to be thought a wiſe Man) I do not recollect one Inſtance that ſhews thou art happy enough to be Maſter of! No! thou art for ſurer Work, and wilt truſt thy Fame in no Man's Hand but thy own; having cunningly commiſſioned thy Friend *Scriblerus*, upon almoſt every Line in thy *Dunciad* to pour-out the Torrent of thy proper Praiſe and Self-admiration! But when thou wouldſt depreciate another, thou art by a contrary Courſe, a yet more notorious, though a more impotent Offender. But, believe me, in thy Replies to the Laureat, thy ſophiſtical Evaſions, Cavillings, trifling with Words, quaint creeping Witticiſms, vain *Parnaſſian Sneers*, flat and inconcluſive Inferences, with all thy pedantick Artillery of Diſſertations, *&c.* All theſe, I ſay, will make no Impreſſion againſt Truth, while the common Senſe, and Candour of every Reader is able to repel and deſtroy them.

To conclude, if it may not be now too late to mend thee, I will venture (however unthankful it may find thee) to offer thee ſuch cordial Advice as, wert thou my deareſt Friend, I would wiſh thee to take. Henceforward, then, before thou giveſt thy next Satire to the Publick, honeſtly aſk thy Conſcience two or three plain Queſtions, *viz.* Is ſuch, or ſuch a Character, as I have drawn it, really like the Perſon I intended it for? Has Prejudice no hand in it? Is it in ſuch true Colours, as Art and Impartiality might have

painted

In this thy [illegible] thee
and owns it justly [illegible] yet
inquire too of thy Prudence and thy
by what human Deity are thou called
to publish it? or if thou shalt perceive thy Mo-
rality is set at nought by thee, at least suffer not
thy Spleen to harden thee against thy *Interest*;
but dread, if thou canst, the Thought of being
deemed an ill-natured Man! and how it will be
possible in doing such an irreparable Injury to a-
void the Imputation of Spleen, Malevolence, or
an unsociable Inhumanity? and whether the vain-
glorious and immoral Avarice of Fame will weigh
against so melancholy a Situation?

But, in all this, let us not be our own Judges!
Let us jointly appeal to thy reverend Friend
Mr. *W. W.* who ought to be better skilled, in
Cases of Conscience, than either of us: Let us
ask him, I say, whether to have followed his Ad-
vice, or mine, *viz.* to have given the Laureat
this finishing Stroke in thy *Dunciad*, or not to
have eased thy restless Heart, by so Feeble a Fuss
about him, would have redounded more to thy
Reputation? And so, as *Cicero* says,——

Valetudinem tuam cura diligenter. Vale.

Take care of thy Health, and good-by to Thee.

January 9,
1743-4.

F I N I S.